Week ending March 31 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

HITLER CAN STILL WIN

By A.G.G.

Children first please!

A small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate was made last summer. All the food value of the milk is still in it — a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern Zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

CADBURYS means **QUALITY**

FOR **TASTY** COOKING

Marmite, the yeast-food extract, is the making of all soups, stews, meat and vegetable dishes. It adds delicious flavour and makes the most of war-time rations and recipes. Marmite makes delicious gravy, too.

Insist on **MARMITE** and you'll get it

In jars : 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6, from all Grocers and Chemists.

TRANSFORMERS

Great turbines *transform* steam into the power which drives a 45,000 ton battleship across the seas. With equal efficiency a Philips Lamp *transforms* a little electricity into bright, economical LIGHT—perfect light for the house and the office, the shop or factory.

MAKERS OF GOOD LAMPS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

PHILIPS

—for Perfect Light

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2 (71A)

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHTS

COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

FOOD FACTS

MILK POTATOES SUGAR FAT

making the MOST of them!

MEMO. ON MILK

You are NOT drinking all the milk you are entitled to unless you are taking your full share of *Household Milk* on every allocation. Use it to eke out the fresh milk, to make drinks and dishes more nutritious. Use it DRY with the other dry ingredients of cakes and puddings. Also in sauces, soups and custards mix DRY with the flour or other thickening. You are allowed one 9d. tin of Household Milk on each ration book during the 8-week period ending Mar. 31st. Get *your* share now and remember, Household Milk works out at only 2½d. a pint.

POTATO-SAVING TIPS

While potatoes are scarce, use the utmost care to avoid waste in preparation. To stop potatoes breaking up and going to waste, boil steadily but don't gallop.

COOKING-FAT ECONOMIES

Trim all surplus fat off cooked or uncooked meat, and render it down. Firm fat can be grated or chopped finely and used instead of suet.

To render down fat: Cut in small pieces and put in a pan in a slow oven till all the fat has melted. Don't let the fat burn. Strain into a clean basin.

Don't throw wrappers away: Always scrape butter, margarine and cooking-fat papers with a knife so as not to waste any fat and use these papers for greasing cake tins and pudding basins, or for wrapping cheese.

STRETCHING THE SUGAR WITH SACCHARIN

Sugar mixed with saccharin goes twice as far. Take about 30 standard-size tablets and crush them with a rolling pin, then add the powder to ½ lb. sugar, mixing very thoroughly. This mixture equals a pound of sugar in sweetening quality.

THIS IS WEEK 3 B—THE THIRD WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 9 (Mar. 4th to Mar. 31st)

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 246

There's no avoiding draughts, but you can lessen the risk of chills, because Wool clothing with its millions of tiny air cells keeps you evenly warm, however much the temperature fluctuates.

Wool IS THE WORD FOR WARMTH

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat

On active service now- but she hopes soon to be at your service...

~Miss

BLUE CAP

looks forward to re-introducing you to the delights of

THE PERFECT PROCESSED **CHEESE**

So appetising—so delicious!

B.C.I.

They love polishing pans at Hartley's too. The standards of scrupulous cleanliness observed in the factory are those of the good housewife, though the methods employed are the most up-to-date that science has evolved. The same factors are at work in every stage of the jam-making process—Hartley's have succeeded in combining the best traditions of the home jam-maker with the advantages of modern large-scale and scientifically controlled production.

HARTLEY'S JAM

Made mother's way—on the grand scale!

Mr. G *says:*

REMEMBER

BRAIDIO

YOU WILL HEAR MORE FROM THIS

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Without Fear or Favour

HOLIDAYS FOR ALL

THIS EASTER, for the first time, many workers will enjoy a paid holiday.

In the press of great events, such facts receive scant attention. They deserve more. For they prove that social revolutions can take place in war, and they point to the steps which must be climbed to make the revolutions fulfil their purpose.

By March, 1938, nearly 8,000,000 workers were entitled to paid annual holidays. Since then the extension of collective agreements, which now number more than 1,100, and the more general observance of them, have added another 7,000,000.

But JOHN BULL will not be satisfied until all our 23,000,000 workers get holidays which do not entail financial loss.

"Surely holidays-with-pay are now the law of the land?" some people will ask. Not so. The law applies only to road haulage workers, farm employees, and people whose minimum wages are fixed by Trade Boards.

Indeed, Easter will bring hardship to millions because of loss of pay.

The miners, in December, 1943, asked for twelve days' paid holidays a year. Lord Porter's tribunal awarded them only six—in other words, a week's summer holiday.

WE BELIEVE that holidays ordained by law should be paid. We are convinced that a week's holiday is not enough.

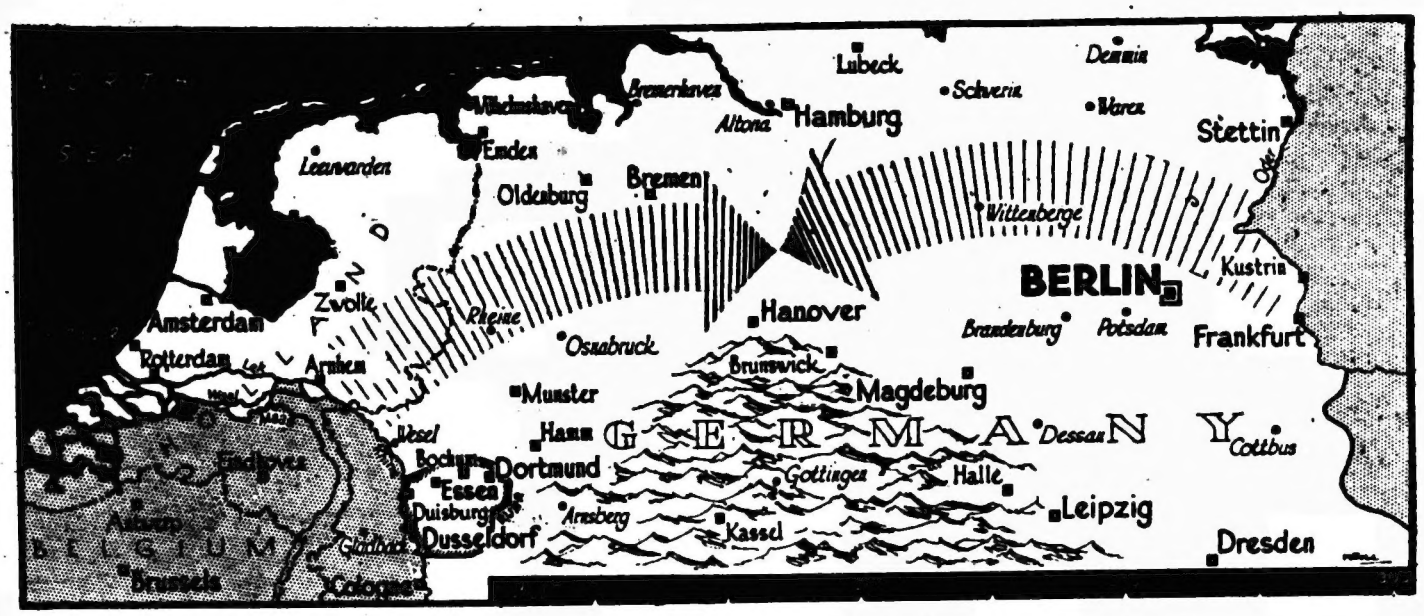
The engineering unions are demanding a fortnight. Sir Walter Citrine says that "three things which will be expected of industry after the war are basically a forty-hour week, two weeks' holiday-with-pay, and adequate wages."

Why not? Transport, food, and lack of accommodation will make it impossible for most people to "go away" this year. But that is no excuse for depriving them of a rest from the lathe or the ledger.

The repair of machinery is a main charge on industry. The repair of human machinery is just as important.

In the new Britain there must be holidays-with-pay for all.

The Editor



Monty's End-it-all Stroke

A Would-Be Kaiser. Lloyd George Plan for Mining. R.A.F. Fools Goering. Beware the Furniture Profiteers. Non-Smokers Find a Champion. Millwall's Recovery

THIS IS THE FINAL OFFENSIVE. It will continue until the bulk of the German army has been defeated, though then there may have to be smaller battles to mop up isolated forces.

This time, positively, we can feel that no unforeseen hitch will hold us up for months. Once again Montgomery has driven the spearhead on the West.

Monty's Conditions

He has not worried overmuch about secrecy. His preparations were too big—too fantastically thorough and massive—for that. Weeks ago the enemy knew roughly where and when the blows would fall.

Only the details were hidden from them by miles of smoke screens and the destruction of their aerial observers. In a variety of ways, he made exactly the battle conditions he wanted.

To Berlin or—?

Immense possibilities are open to him.

He could swing right to encircle the Ruhr and meet the Americans coming up from the Remagen bridgehead. He could swing left to cut off Holland. He could go straight ahead to link up with the Russians driving from the East.

So strong are the British, Canadian and American forces under his command that he could do all three.

The certainty is that he will concentrate on defeating the enemy in the field rather than a dash to the less important objective of the enemy's capital.

No More Rockets?

Look at that map above. It shows how flat is the battlefield of Northern Germany—ideal for a war of fast movement. It shows why the main blow had to be struck by Monty across the Lower Rhine rather than by the Americans from the Saar, ahead of which lies difficult country.

And it suggests that, given sufficient impetus, we might meet the Russians north-west of Berlin. Operations in the Ruhr and Holland would safeguard our flanks—and incidentally relieve Southern England from the threat of further rockets.

Up From the South

Whichever course is adopted, it will fit into a larger pattern.

Tolbukhin, the Russian general, recently met by Field-Marshal Alexander, is moving swiftly towards Vienna. Conditions are ripe for a breakthrough from the long-static Italian front. Tito's forces in Yugoslavia are ready for a thrust northwards.

Thus the surviving forces of the *Wehrmacht* will be compressed into a circle in central and southern Germany. The final mould is being cast.

King of Germany?

NO DOUBT THAT IS WHY Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria has seen the Pope again recently. He should be King of England, according to the Jacobites. He would like to be Kaiser of Germany as well. But the Vatican is not likely to support his claims to either throne.

He is now a gentle old man of seventy-one, devoted to the arts and literature, though evidently not above political ambitions. Hitler idolised him when the Nazis were Monarchist-minded, but Rupprecht let it be known that princes did not hobnob with ex-paper-hangers.

Children in the Kilt

To indicate his descent from the Stuarts, the Prince used to dress his children in the kilt. But even this fact is not likely to induce sentimental Mr. Churchill to back his claims to Kaiserdom.

He was blacklisted by the Allies as a war criminal in 1918. Not because he commanded the German Sixth Army, but because he sponsored the campaign of hate against Britain—an indiscreet proceeding for a man who hoped to become King of Britain.

Foot, Miners and Major

PLANS FOR THE MINES are becoming a serial story.

First came the Foot Plan. It proposed "rationalisation" as a means to keep the miners down, mine profits up, and to the devil with State control.

Then the mineworkers promised a Counter-Plan. It may appear on May 1—Labour Day—and it will certainly plump for Nationalisation.

Now the Minister of Mines has produced a Counter-Counter-Plan. It deals with technical problems, financial provisions and organisation. And it will neatly stop either miners or mineowners from arguing about their own schemes until they have seen what Major Lloyd George's experts have to say.

He Won't Budge

THE MAJOR'S FRIENDS are perturbed. They fear he will commit political suicide by supporting Churchill's artful suggestion for a post-war Coalition. And also that he will split the Liberal Party on the issue.

Despite the rough handling he recently had in the Commons, however, he is determined to stay in office until he can put the mining industry on its feet. That's why he refused a much bigger job last year.

And the new Plan he has inspired—it will probably become known as the Reid Report—is the most drastic reorganisation scheme ever issued on the subject by an official Department.

Housing: Bad to Worse

BUT THE SERIAL STORY of Housing grows steadily more gloomy. Last week's White Paper made the Government's bungling painfully clear, but tried to hide up the cost of the new temporary houses.

In the Debate which followed, Mr. Willink, Minister for Health, revealed the cost and shocked M.P.s. As JOHN BULL had already forewarned them, perhaps their astonishment was a little overdone.

But the public will not doubt their views that the present plans will utterly fail to produce the necessary houses at the requisite speed. We are witnessing the worst Government muddle of recent years.

Sunday Salute

HOW MANY PEOPLE will remember that this Sunday is a notable anniversary? April 1, 1918, was the birthday of the most brilliantly successful military service in all modern history—the Royal Air Force.

Hermann Goering, who said that no enemy 'plane would ever dare to cross the frontiers of his invincible Reich,

JB insurance
AIR RAIDS!
A LLOYD'S POLICY
FOR EVERY READER
JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against AIR RAIDS, as well as Bombardment by ROCKETS and FLY-BOMBS.

should note carefully that the Service which smashed his *Luftwaffe* was created on April Fool's Day.

For the Last Time

THIS WEEK-END, too, Double Summer Time begins. It has been heavily criticised, not only by farmers, but in some cases by doctors.

Does John Citizen like it? If he lives in towns, he possibly does; if he's a countryman, he probably doesn't.

But here is a prophecy. In all probability this will be the last session of Double Summer Time. Unearthly midnights, when we can still read in bed, will become things of the past the year after the war is over.

Ordinary Summer Time—the one hour advance of the clock—is another matter. It has stood the test of years, and its critics are a diminishing body.

Road Slaughter

BRITISH TROOPS IN GERMANY, seeing the Autobahnen or six-track trunk roads, will glimpse one contribution to the solution of our own road death riddle.

Hitler's traffic arteries were strategic in purpose. But they are just the thing for long-distance road transport in peace time.

We in Britain had our arterial roads. But we let free enterprise build houses along them, so that traffic should be impeded by tradesmen's carts and the natural playfulness of children lead to coroners' inquests!

Ban on Builders

Mr. Noel Baker told the House of Commons that to the end of 1944 there had been 58,000 deaths from air bombardment and 41,000 from road accidents.

Something will have to be done about it; and trunk roads—from which builders will have to be rigorously barred—are an obvious priority.

Furniture Profiteers

BUILDING, OF COURSE, will not be the only national headache after the war. New houses will mean new furniture, and that will bring much profiteering unless price control continues.

Speculators are already aiming to flood the market with junk furniture at high prices, which we shall remember when we are told at the next Election that control "oppresses free enterprise."

Seed Swindles

HOWEVER, THERE HAS BEEN a prompt sequel to the recent JOHN BULL exposure of the swindles being worked with "dud" seeds and plants. Reputable members of the trade are now considering a scheme to control horticultural advertisements and so protect gardeners and allotment-holders.

Also, a number of doubtful advertisements have suddenly ceased to appear!

Fine Theory, Unfair Practice

DISTINGUISHED LEGAL BRAINS are discussing post-war changes in the workings of the lay magistrate system.

It would be much to the point if they also discussed a drastic reform of the system of punishment by fine.

In theory, it is an excellent idea to make the guilty smart in the pocket. But the system of imposing small prison sentences which can be avoided by payment of a fine operates most unfairly against the poorest members of the community.

Smith, with a big income, can fork out his £10 and not notice it. Jones, for the same offence, must suffer the indignity of prison, or beg or borrow a fine that is well beyond his means.

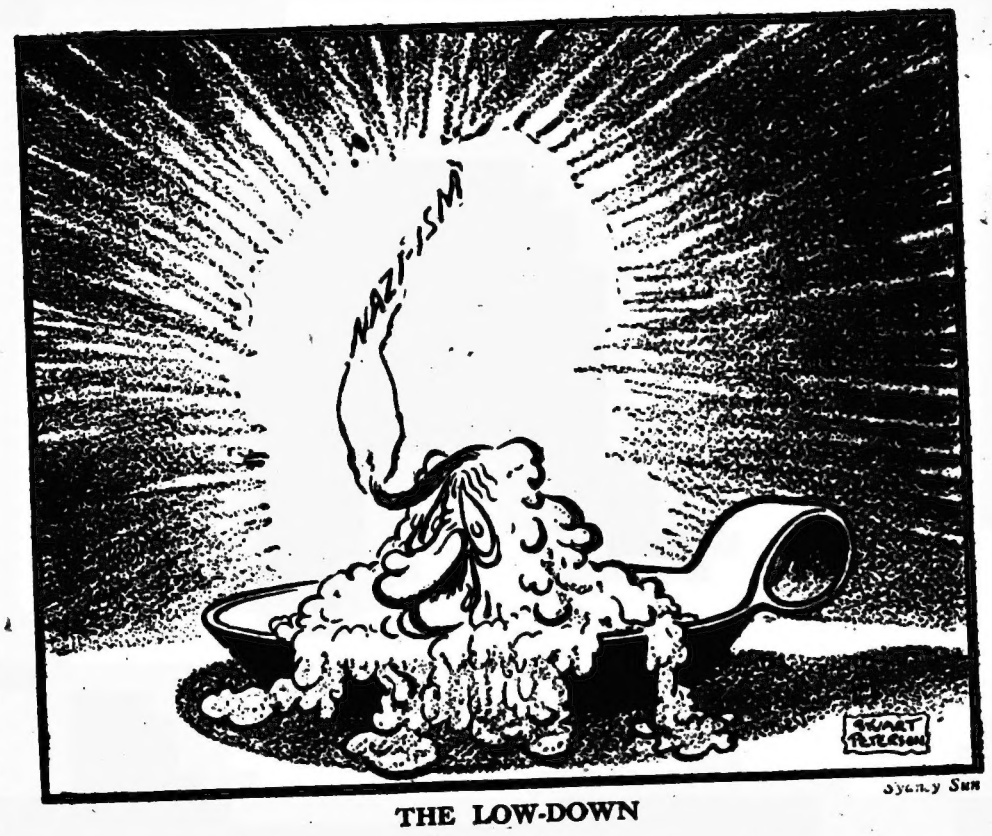
More Injustice

The issue has become topical with the announcement that women found guilty of concealing soldier husbands or sons will no longer be sent to prison without the option—the inhuman law attacked by Dr. Summerskill, M.P. (JOHN BULL, 17.2.45).

Instead, they can be fined up to £30.

Now £30, to some women, is the price of three hats. To others it could represent a life's savings.

What is needed is a system of grading fines on income tax lines.



THE LOW-DOWN

Ad. Starts Trouble

OFFICIALDOM SHOULD HAVE foreseen the difficulties already arising over the appeal by the Ministry of Labour for civilian technicians to go to Germany.

"Large numbers of men," states the advertisement, "are required with technical and scientific qualifications for dealing with the industry of Germany as the progress of the war results in the occupation of German territory."

But men with those qualifications are urgently needed at home, first for the continuation of war work, and later in post-war reconstruction. America, more wisely, is earmarking German-speaking technicians in the Army for control of German plants.

It Won't Make Us Wiser

HERE'S ANOTHER EXAMPLE of muddy thinking. The Stationery Office has issued a 22-page booklet entitled "Civil Estimates for the year ending March 31, 1945. Class X. War Services." It shows the total estimated expenditure of nineteen Government Departments in the next twelve months to be £1,900!

The estimates, of course, are only token figures. The real costs will be met by Parliamentary Votes of Credit. But why charge 4d. and waste time, money, labour and materials in printing a booklet that reveals absolutely nothing?

Threepence for Victory

LET US DESCEND from 4d. to 3d. Since war began the Mint has produced 360,000,000 twelve-sided threepenny bits instead of 1,080,000,000 pennies. Hence the shortage of pennies.

But there is another side to the story. The Mint's switch-over to threepenny bits has saved more than 8,000 tons of copper—and this went straight into vital munitions.

So even the small change in your pockets or purse has helped to beat Adolf.

Eric the Champion

WHO ARE THE MOST downtrodden minority in Britain? Non-smokers are quite convinced that they are the answer.

Now they have a champion, one Eric Lobb, company director.

Lobb is a militant non-smoker, with a campaigner's zeal and a crusader's nerve. Last week he put his cause in the nation's headlines—by pulling a train's communication cord to report a man who wouldn't stop smoking in a non-smoking compartment.

He was summoned and let off on payment of a guinea costs. There is hardly a non-smoker in the country who wouldn't have offered to pay them.

Manners, Young Lady!

Who are the worst offenders? Non-smokers are unanimous in their answer.

They are young women, and the younger their years the worse their smoking manners.

It never seems to occur to young smokers that there are people who dislike living and travelling in a blue fug.

Pipe smokers, invariably, are much more considerate.

Wireless Wooing

RADIO ELECTIONEERING will influence many votes, but how is it to be worked?

Conservatives, quite understandably, want the big shots to get time on the air in proportion to Party strengths in a House of Commons elected nearly ten years ago.

Labour, no less naturally, wants time allocated in proportion to number of candidatures—of which Labour has already more than 600 fixed or in prospect.

But Labour is not content with mere speeches by the big shots. It wants radio arguments between, say, Mr. Shinwell and Sir Herbert Williams.

Wealth Discounted

Money will count for less in the coming election than it used to do.

For one thing, there is plenty of money about—even the Labour Party is confident of raising a Head Office fund of £250,000, five times its previous biggest.

Besides, legally permissible expenditure is down. Where you used to be able to spend 5d. a vote in boroughs, this time it will be more like 3½d. And on top of all this, everything will be dearer.

Singing Cock

MILLWALL'S APPEARANCE AT Wembley is a remarkable success story. They started the season disastrously and did not win until Christmas.

Then they appointed Jack Cock, their old international centre-forward, as their manager. He has worked wonders with the team, given it spirit and drive. Millwall turned the corner immediately.

Cock is a likeable man, with an unusual sideline for an ex-footballer. A good singer, he became a successful music-hall "act" after leaving Soccer.

No doubt he feels like singing now.

Justified Criticism

THIS IS TRUE. It happened some time ago. The scene: Liverpool Street Station, that dreary mausoleum of railway private enterprise. The time: late at night.

A suburban train was about to leave. An air raid warning had sounded. Nothing happened, but the officials were in a flat spin. The station was dark, torches were flashing, whistles were ordering and countermanding instructions, and the train was already late before it left.

Passengers, weary Liverpool Street veterans, peered cynically from the windows. Suddenly, in the hubbub, came a scornful Cockney voice:

"Blimey! And they reckon they could run air lines!"

Fliers' Grievance

THIS REMINDS US that, from time to time, flying personnel of Transport Command R.A.F. are seconded for periods of eighteen months' duty with Government-controlled British Overseas Airways.

They have an obvious grievance.

They all come from hard and dangerous operational flying. They work traffic routes alongside captains and crews of B.O.A.C., but they receive only their Service pay and allowances, which is less than the comparative salaries of the civilian flying staff.

Moreover, the seconded men are out of touch with their Service, and they lose opportunities of promotion.

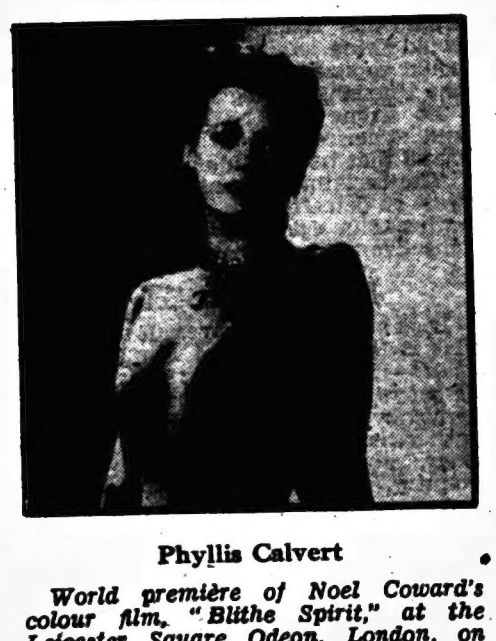
Cheerful Capt. Lyttelton

FOR A CYNICAL END to this page, we couldn't better a Parliamentary warning by that hard-headed business man and Minister of Production, Capt. Lyttelton:

"However much we believe in the success of the world security organisation, we must try to make our ability to make weapons of war and to sustain the civil population while we are at war as invulnerable as possible."

Apparently there is no "if" about it.

FIRST NIGHT



Phyllis Calvert

World première of Noel Coward's colour film, "Blithe Spirit," at the Leicester Square Odeon, London, on April 5, will benefit film trade union benevolent funds.

The active chairman of the première Committee, of which Lord Southwood is president, is Miss Phyllis Calvert. She is the first leading film actress to undertake such a task.

HITLER CAN STILL WIN

As a final mad gamble the Nazis hope to win from the peace the chance of a world empire they have lost in the war. It may sound fantastic, but here is evidence of a very real peril

by A. G. Gardiner

THE COLLAPSE OF GERMANY is now so catastrophic and complete that in a military sense the war in Europe is over. he rest is "mopping up."

Enemy resistance is shattered on every front nd in every element. It is swept from the air. is swept from the sea. It has crumpled on land. Cromwell's phrase about the battle of Dunbar, is "Stubble to our swords."

The thunders of the Rhine echo the thunders the Oder, and all in between is the crash of lling cities and universal ruin.

Why, then, does this hideous tragedy con- nue? Why, having lost the war, does Germany eclare for suicide?

The answer is that Germany, as a people, is elpless. It has no power over its fate, no vehicle public opinion.

They Dare Not Surrender

There was such a vehicle in 1918, and it cepted the fact of defeat while its armies were ill in being and before a foot of German soil ad been invaded.

That it would have followed the same rational ourse in this war if it had been free to do so evident from the unresisting attitude of every erman city or town that has been invaded.

Everywhere the houses are hung with the hite signal of surrender, and everywhere the eople show that they are anxious to make the est of a bad job.

Where they have fled they have fled under e compulsion of the Gestapo, as in East Prussia, ther than from fear of the enemy. Indeed, the ouble is not that the people show fight, but that ey are too superficially friendly.

So far from offering resistance, they are ainly glad that the end has come and are iefly concerned to disclaim Hitler and the Nazis. They know not the man."

No, it is not the German people who keep the ar going. It is Hitler and the gang of criminals ho surround him and who hold Germany in e vice of the Gestapo. They alone have the ower to surrender, and they dare not surrender.

Ribbentrop's Impudent Bait

There are two reasons, one personal, the other olitical. Surrender is their own death sentence nd they will let Germany perish rather than n their heads into a noose.

They are prepared to surrender if they can cape the hangman. This is shown by the impu- nt bait that Ribbentrop has dangled before through our Stockholm Embassy.

We are asked to do two things—make com- on cause with Germany against Russia and are the Nazis.

What sort of people do these rascals think e are? Rogues like themselves, or fools like emselves? For none but fools could advance e reason they offer for sparing the Nazis.

It is that there is no other official power left Germany capable of administering it. Not nce the Frenchman charged with murdering th his parents pleaded for mercy on the ground at he was an orphan has there been such a ive request.

Ribbentrop need not worry. We and our Allies e going to administer Germany for quite a long me—certainly until it is cleansed of the poison Nazism.

The other reason for keeping the war going more serious. I have stressed it before. It is at Europe may be utterly wrecked, and that out of the wreck Nazism may be reborn under another name and in a new disguise.

In the interests of this gamble with the future the Reich itself is being ruthlessly sacrificed. Its manhood is being slaughtered, its cities razed to the ground, its territory overrun, its whole structure reduced to chaos.

The idea is so devilish and so insane that it would be incredible if we had not had such grim experience of the fanatical frenzies of the Nazi mind.

In dealing with Hitler we have throughout been dealing with a sub-human being who is not only as cunning as a rat, but as mad as a hatter.

It has been our failure to realise this that has been the source of the world's misery.

When he raved like a madman we thought he was only shamming and bluffing. No one outside Bedlam, we said, could talk like this without having his tongue in his cheek.

Creating Famine and Chaos

But Hitler *was* mad, and his ravings were quite sincere. We know that now, at frightful cost.

And, knowing it, we must not dismiss his last gamble as if it were of no account. It is of very grave account.

Its purpose is to leave Europe in such chaos that a secure peace will be unattainable. With all the nations ruined and at sixes-and-sevens, the evil spirit of Nazism may win from the peace the chance of world empire it has lost in the war.

That is the plan, and like all Hitler's schemes, it has a diabolical cunning. The more Germany is ravaged and the more Europe is submerged in ruin, the better for his plan.

His prolongation of the war far beyond his "twelve o'clock" has already had dire consequences. It has left the U.N.R.R.A. scheme manifestly inadequate for the vast task it was intended to fulfil.

It was conceived to meet demands which have been hopelessly outstipped by events. And every day the war lasts the dimensions of the demands increase.

They increase for obvious reasons. While hostilities continue the needs of the mighty armies on the Oder, the Rhine, the Po, and in the Pacific must be priority in service.

This means that the supplies which should be going to the liberated and starving countries of Europe are diverted to meet the requirements of the armies in the field.

It means also that the marine transport necessary to furnish those armies with food and munitions is not available for the service of the millions of hungry civilians.

Tramplings of War

Moreover, with the displacement of vast masses of the rural population and with the tramplings of war over the whole Continent, the internal production of the devastated countries is alarmingly diminished.

All these things are creating a condition of famine throughout Europe beyond anything that has been imagined. It is a famine, not of food only, but of all the necessaries of life—clothing, shelter, light, coal—everything.

And as the misery piles up, the perils to the peace are increased. You cannot reason with starving people.

In 1933, Hitler fired Germany's Parliament House—the Reichstag—blamed it on the Communists, and won a general election. That was his first great act of destruction. Now he is hoping to destroy all Europe

Liberation has come to the nations, but liberation alone cannot fill hungry stomachs. And those who are perishing and seeing their children perish from lack of food are in danger of forgetting the authors of all their miseries in the thought that they were better fed before liberation than after.

All this is in the calculations of Hitler in holding on. He is deliberately organising famine as the means of turning the anger of Europe from those who caused the famine to those who fail to relieve it. And every day he can keep the war going aggravates the wreck from which he hopes to profit.

Peace is in Peril

The peril is great. It is not the issue of the war that is in doubt. It is the peace which is in danger.

Hitler's plot to destroy Europe must be defeated by instant action, and the setting up of a general economic staff to face the problem of the starving Continent.

The immediate need should be met by a drastic revision of priorities, and the future need by a plan to restore the productiveness of the devastated lands.

In this crusade these peoples, like ourselves, and still more, the Americans, who have been spared the horrors of famine and enemy occupation, must accept whatever sacrifices are necessary to save Europe from disaster and the peace from failure.

Argument

SHOULD EASTER BE FIXED?

Old custom makes it a movable feast. Would you like it better if your Easter Bank Holiday were fixed late in April when its warmer?

for

1. Easter falls "on the first Sunday after the full moon which coincides with, or is next after, March 21." Thus the Bank Holiday has a roving range of thirty-five days.

2. This is not an ancient practice. It dates from the 16th century. The "full moon" referred to is not the actual moon in the heavens but an "ecclesiastical" moon based on certain Gregorian calendar tables compiled at that time.

3. There is no doctrinal reason why a Christian festival should depend on the moon. The fact is that the Church took over certain pagan feasts and made them Christian. Easter, once a pagan festival of sowing, is governed by the moon.

4. Owing to Easter being movable the Bank Holiday, when workers expect a break in the open air, frequently comes in wintry weather.

5. The fact that it occurs sometimes in one quarter and sometimes in another makes it difficult to compare trade figures for different years.

6. The changing Easter date makes University and Law terms of unequal length.

7. The 1938 Holidays-with-Pay Committee advocated a fixed Easter, and Protestant Churches throughout the world support the change.

against

1. Do you want to see all the old customs swept away and the world run by logical business men who worship neat tables of figures?

2. Britain, a Christian country, should not tamper with a Christian festival.

3. To change the date may not appear to affect the solemnity of the occasion, but to change religious observance for convenience is a bad principle.

4. In the English climate one day is as likely to be cold as another. We have cold spells in May.

5. A proposal to fix Easter sets the different interests involved disputing as to which date shall be chosen. The present system of change is fair to all.

6. In 1928 an Act of Parliament was passed fixing Easter "conditionally upon international acceptance" as "the first Sunday after the second Saturday in April." Christian Churches in other lands did not agree.

7. To destroy Christian unity and uproot old traditions simply to make holidays and book-keeping more convenient is repugnant to all who have a sense of the fitness of things.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, M.P.,

Minister of Agriculture

DEAR MR. HUDSON,—Of course we must plan for a sound and prosperous agriculture! None can question your argument that agriculture and the manufacturing industry must be dovetailed in the future; for we have all learnt that the decay of agriculture will eventually bring a general industrial crash.

It is only when you hint that food must be kept dear that you are likely to arouse criticism. Cheap food from abroad has in the past done great harm to the farming industry. Yet, on the other hand, our export trade—more essential than ever to Britain to-day—will suffer if farm prices are kept artificially high.

No one wants to see farmers and farm workers forced back to the poverty line. Farmers still remember how they were betrayed after the last war, and with that memory still vivid some are already selling out while conditions are favourable.

Until you announce a long-term farming policy based on helping and protecting the farmer, the doubt and anxiety now troubling those who produce our food will remain.

An efficient agricultural industry can sell food at prices within the consumer's purchasing power, and at the same time ensure that the farmers and their workers will have decent profits and decent wages.

The Hot Springs conference pointed the way. Its recommendations—designed to make adequate food available for all the peoples of the earth—cannot be ignored. On those lines agriculture can get that stability so essential to its well-being and the well-being of the nation.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. M. Hampton,

Birmingham Scientist

DEAR DR HAMPTON,—People who should have more sense take a morbid delight in telling us that Britain is finished, that she lags behind in technical skill and production, that she will never regain those export markets necessary to our post-war prosperity, and that in scientific research and achievement she is inferior to other nations, especially U.S.A.

Unhappily, some who listen to these prophets of commercial woe are inclined to believe the nonsense. Instead, they should pin their faith in Britain's future on men like you—the "back room boys" of science who have served Britain so well in years of war and who, given the scope, the funds and the opportunity, will serve the nation equally well in peace.

Your latest discovery, a sheet glass which transmutes light in such a way that it kills flies like a death ray, is the practical and far-reaching result of years of experiment in heat and light radiation.

Its possibilities are so obvious and so tremendous that this new glass is bound to play a big part in ridding house and buildings of all kinds of winged and crawling pests.

More than that, your invention is a welcome reminder that Britain need have no fear of being unable to recover her overseas trade, so long as full use is made of the scientific brain-power available to industry in all its branches.—JOHN BULL.

The future of farming perplexes the Minister of Agriculture—and the farmers too. A long-term policy of plenty-for-all is urgently required

Human Machine

KEEP IT CLEAR

A VERY FAMOUS WRITER has declared that truth died round about 1928, unhonoured and unlamented. He adds that, since that time, propaganda has taken her place.

Probably most of us have a vague feeling that propaganda is something to beware of. We probably haven't all got a very clear idea of just what it is. That is not unnatural, for propaganda is not very good propaganda unless those to whom it is directed fail to recognise it as such!

Propaganda, with all its subtle suggestions, its implied reasonableness, its charming air of innocence and helpfulness, is never an aid to thought. It is always an obstacle.

Let us look at one little instance. Some years ago it was enough to mention the word "Bolshie" to damn anyone or anything. Yet no one had ever proved that to be a Bolshevik meant anything more than to be in sympathy with the political ideas of the majority of the Russian people.

To-day it is almost the reverse. To be Russian is assumed to be synonymous with all the virtues. Yet no one has proved that what is good for Russia is good for us.

Both assumptions are propaganda. You were not invited to think when "Bolshevik" was a term of abuse. You are not invited to think now when people praise Communism as the highest virtue.

Ask yourself whenever you suspect propaganda, "Who is benefiting by all this?"

When you've done a little independent thinking on these lines, you'll have drawn the sting.

Commander Sir A. Southby,

Conservative M.P. for Epsom

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Your recent reference to the "abusive smoke screen with which the Socialist Party seeks to cover up its own past failings and future designs," should amuse quite a few Socialists.

Who declared Chamberlain had saved the world and opened up a new era? Who referred to the affectionate reception Chamberlain was given both in Italy and Germany? Who, in February, 1939, thought railing at the Totalitarian States was both futile and dangerous?

Who sought for the release from detention under Regulation 18B of Captain Ramsay? Who, in February, 1944, pleaded that we should not throw over General Mihallovitch and the legitimate Government of Yugoslavia merely because Marshal Tito happened to be *persona grata* in Moscow?

And who, in his opposition to those who plan for a better Britain, declared: "If things are all right after the war we shan't need the Beveridge Plan. If they are not we can't afford it?"

Who? No one but you. And no smoke screen can hide the answers.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal Smuts

Prime Minister of South Africa

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL,—News that British aircraft are to be used on a joint trunk service between South Africa and Britain follows quickly on your warning against unlicensed freedom of the air.

Already there are signs that international rivalry, instead of international control and co-operation, will disturb the harmony so essential to an ordered and agreed system of world air transport.

Your warning that misuse of commercial aeroplanes will be a threat to world peace and order must be heeded. The *Luftwaffe* was built up at first secretly, then openly, on the development of German civil and commercial aviation. That instrument of terror nearly brought Hitler world conquest.

To-day we dare not risk that dangerous form of chaos of which you speak. The Southern Africa Air Transport Conference has given a lead along the path of control and co-operation. Future air conferences in other parts of the world will do well to follow that lead and insist on international control.—JOHN BULL.

"I WANT MY JOB BACK"

But what if the job's not there? On behalf of all returning Servicemen, JOHN BULL reports on a Reinstatement hearing

Ernest Bevin, as seen by Oscar Berger, plans to achieve maximum all-round justice for the demobbed. Will his plan work?

"IF I DON'T FIND MY OLD JOB open when I get back, what will it be like applying for reinstatement?" This is a question many Service men and women ask.

After attending a Reinstatement Committee I can answer their question for them. More, I can reassure them of the pains the Ministry is taking to find any possible flaws in the experimental working of the scheme.

The present trickle of early cases may soon become a flood of thousands, but by that time the snags will be ironed out.

At ten o'clock on a recent morning the central figure in one of these reinstatement dramas, Sidney Charles Hurst, a red-haired discharged airman, stepped into Room 117, Employment Exchange—Men—Chadwick Street, S.W.

Westminster Reinstatement Committee was in session.

Men of Wide Experience

It was a cheerful, cream-walled room; the atmosphere friendly and unceremonious to put everybody at ease.

Three tables were arranged arch-shape. At the head one sat the committee, with its independent chairman nominated by the Ministry. He was a man of wide industrial experience. Mostly, I'm told, the chairmen are barristers. With him were an employers' and an employees' representative. These are usually nominated by their associations or unions.

The trio puffed at pipes till the case began.

Sidney Charles Hurst took a chair at a side table. Opposite him was a table reserved for the employers, the London Passenger Transport Board, whose representative had not yet arrived.

"Probably held up by his own transport," joked a wag from the chairs reserved for the public at the back of the room, and everyone laughed.

I was the only Pressman present, but three experts—two very senior "watchdogs" of the Ministry of Labour, and a Treasury official—sat in the public seats studying the proceedings to see where any improvements could be made.

After waiting ten minutes without the "employer" appearing, the committee put out their pipes and opened the case by inviting the applicant to make any statement he wished and ask any questions he wanted answered. They already had before them his written application for reinstatement, and the employer's reply.

Hurst said he was discharged five weeks previously by the R.A.F. doctors as suffering from poly-osteo-arthritis—rheumatism of the bone tissues, and one of the worst forms of the disease.

He had informed the Transport Board that he did not think his condition fitted him to take on his old job as tram conductor, and had asked for work as a booking clerk—at which job he had had some experience in the R.A.F.

Challenged Doctor's Decision

The Transport Board's doctor thought him fit for his old job, but this he challenged. The only clerk's position the Board could offer him meant his being at work so early that there was no transport from his home and he could find no accommodation nearer the job. He was offered, alternatively, a post as garage cleaner, but considered this beneath his abilities.

Meantime he had become a clerk in the ordering export department of a firm of chemists, who offered him a permanency, with good prospects, if he chose to stay.

If he left the Board's service would he get back the money he had paid into a pension fund for many years? he asked. And was the opinion of the Board's doctor to be accepted before that of the R.A.F. medical staff?

At this stage the Board's representative, their assistant solicitor, arrived twenty-seven minutes late. He apologised for some misunderstanding, saying documents were now on their way, and that in the meantime he must rely on his memory.

After being given a résumé of the applicant's statement, the solicitor suggested that Hurst had written to the Board saying he had recovered from his disability. This Hurst challenged.

Pay was Made Up

The Transport Board employed a staff of thousands, said their solicitor, and had the reputation of being good employers. They made up Hurst's money while he was on service. In offering him a clerk's job, though his conductor's training did not qualify him for this, they had to consider the many qualified clerks who would be coming back. What would their union say if their jobs were not kept open?

At the time Hurst lodged his application the company's employment officers were trying to find him another job. As for his pension money, this was surely paid into a fund run by his union, and not by the Board.

Their doctor, in giving his opinion, had naturally taken all possible care. The Board was responsible to the public for their safety, and to Scotland Yard.

Hurst: "All the more reason for knowing whether the R.A.F. doctors' opinion is as good as that of the Board's doctor. There are times when my knees give way entirely."

Board's solicitor: "If he was not fit when he left the R.A.F., then surely he was a case for rehabilitation?"

The committee retired. On their return, the Board's man with the documents having now arrived, the solicitor asked: "Can these be of any help now?"

Chairman: "We have reached our decision. We have carefully considered the facts, and our decision is that the Transport Board has complied with the Act by offering reinstatement. The application is therefore dismissed."

There was no reasoned judgment.

"Does this mean the opinion of an employer's doctor is to be accepted before that of Service doctors?" asked Hurst. For answer the chairman gave him full information as to how he could, should he so decide, lodge an appeal.

One hour had been devoted to his individual case. It was not a typical case, for no two can be exactly alike. But only by relating it in detail is it possible to examine how the working of the Act can be improved.

To claim success the procedure must leave the loser, even if disappointed, satisfied that justice has been done.

The law allows fair comment, and in my opinion Sidney Charles Hurst, ex-airman, left Room 117 a dissatisfied man.

There should be a reasoned judgment. In his case one could only assume that the question of the doctors' opinions, which so disturbed him, was not relevant. Otherwise, there are independent medical referees appointed under the Act to whom conflicting doctors' opinions can be submitted.

"Above the Average"

"Bright and intelligent above the average," was how the Board's solicitor described Hurst. Even so—and much more so had he been less bright and intelligent—he was conceivably at a disadvantage in that his employer was represented by a solicitor.

The Act allows applicants legal representation at their own expense, but the great majority will be unable to afford it.

The remedy is simple. Where their employer is legally represented they should be provided with a free legal representative by the Government, by their union, or by bodies like the British Legion.

This legal aid should be available on discharge from the Services *before an application is made*. If Hurst had been a case for rehabilitation, an expert adviser could have told him that his poly-osteo-arthritis, if caused by war service, presumably entitled him to a pension.

One final point. All, instead of most, Reinstatement Committees should have at least one member with legal knowledge and familiar with judicial procedure.

It is true that both applicant and employer are safeguarded by the right of appeal to the Umpire—Sir Ernest Wingate Paul, K.C.—and that all the deputy umpires are also barristers.

Workmanlike Machine

But a dissatisfied party, employee or employer, may not feel able to carry the case to appeal, and the good name of the Act may suffer if reasoned judgments, setting out the points involved by the decision, are not available.

Half a dozen such decisions, *given by the umpires*, have been published so far, and they are superb examples of legal clarity.

Such criticisms as these, however, are not meant to suggest that there is anything radically wrong. The Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act (to give it the full, forbidding title) is a sincere and most ambitious attempt to provide job-justice for the demobbed.

There was nothing like it after the last war—at least, not on any comparable scale. Aiming to achieve maximum all-round justice for the returning Servicemen and Servicewomen, Ernest Bevin, our Minister of Labour, has set up a novel, simple, and thoroughly workmanlike machine.

Nevertheless, the most encouraging sight to me was the vigilance of the senior Ministry officials who sat in on the case along with me. Their reports are now on the way to higher authority.

But mine, I am glad to say, is before the highest authority of all—the people of Britain, reached through columns of JOHN BULL.

ARREST

The man in the bed looked at them with sleepy eyes. "We arrest you in the name of the law," said the young man.

We in Britain have been spared the horrors of dictatorships, of secret police and concentration camps—but how does it feel to await arrest, to know that when it comes violent death will follow soon after?

by

ARTHUR KOESTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

THE KNOCKING HAD grown louder and he strained to wake up.

He was practised in tearing himself out of nightmares, as the dream of his first arrest had for years returned periodically, and ran its course with the regularity of clockwork. Sometimes, by a strong effort of will, he managed to stop the clockwork, to pull himself out of the dream by his own effort, but this time he did not succeed.

The last weeks had exhausted him, he sweated and panted in his sleep; the clockwork hummed, the dream went on.

He dreamed, as always, that there was a hammering on his door, and that three men stood outside, waiting to arrest him. He could see them through the closed door, standing outside, banging against its framework.

They had on brand-new uniforms, the becoming costume of the Praetorian guards of the German Dictatorship. On their caps and sleeves they wore their insignia: the aggressively barbed cross. In their free hand they carried grotesquely big pistols; their straps and trappings smelled of fresh leather.

Now they were in his room, at his bedside. Two were overgrown peasant lads with thick lips and fish-eyes; the third was short and fat. They stood by his bed, holding their pistols in their hands, and breathing heavily at him.

It was quite still save for the asthmatic panting of the short, fat one. Then someone in an upper story pulled a plug and the water rushed down evenly through the pipes in the walls.

The clockwork was running down. The hammering on his door became louder; the two men outside, who had come to arrest him, hammered alternatively and blew on their frozen hands.

But he could not wake up, although he knew that now would follow a particularly painful scene: the three would stand by his bed and he tries to put on his dressing-gown. But the sleeve is turned inside out; he cannot manage to put his arm into it.

This tormenting helplessness lasts a number of seconds, during which he moans and feels the cold wetness on his temples and the hammering on his door penetrates his sleep like a distant roll of drums. His arm under the pillow twitches in the feverish effort to find the sleeve of his dressing-gown; then at last he is released by the first smashing blow over the ear with the butt of the pistol. . . .

With the familiar sensation, repeated and lived through again a hundred times, of the first blow, he usually woke up. For a while he would still shiver and his hand, jammed under the pillow, would continue to strain for the dressing-gown sleeve; for, as a rule, before he was fully awake, he still had the last and worst stage to go through.

It consisted of a dizzy, shapeless feeling that this awakening was the real dream and that, in fact, he was still lying on the damp, stone floor of the dark cell, at his feet the can, next to his head the jug of water and a few crumbs of bread. . . .

This time also, for a few seconds, the bemused condition held, the uncertainty whether his groping hand would touch the can or the switch of his bedside lamp. Then the light blazed on and the mist parted.

He breathed deeply several times and, like a convalescent, his hands folded on his breast, enjoyed the delicious feeling of freedom and safety.

He dried his forehead and the bald patch on the back of his head with the sheet, and blinked up with already returning irony at the colour-print of the Leader, which hung over his bed on the wall of his room—and on the walls of all the rooms next to, above, or under his; on all the walls of the house, of the town, of the enormous country for which he had fought and suffered, and which now had taken him up again in its enormous, protecting lap. He was now fully awake; but the hammering on his door went on.

MEANWHILE, the two men who had come to arrest him stood outside on the dark landing and consulted each other.

The porter, who had shown them the way upstairs, stood in the open lift doorway and panted with fear. He was a thin old man; above the torn collar of the military overcoat he had thrown over his nightshirt appeared a broad red scar which was the result of a neck wound received in the Great War.

It was cold, dark and very quiet on the staircase. The younger of the two men proposed to shoot the lock of the door to pieces. The elder of the two men was against shooting; the arrest had to be carried out discreetly.

They both blew on their stiff hands and began again to hammer against the door, the younger banged on it with the butt of his revolver. A few doors below them a woman screamed in a piercing voice.

"Tell her to shut up," said the young man to the porter.

"Be quiet," he shouted. "Here is Authority."

The woman became quiet at once. The young man changed over to belabouring the door with his boots. The noise filled the whole staircase; at last the door fell open.

The three of them stood by the bed, the young man with his pistol in his hand, the old man holding himself stiffly as though standing to attention; the porter stood a few steps behind them, leaning against the wall. The man in the bed was still drying the sweat from the back of his head; he looked at them shortsightedly with sleepy eyes.

"We arrest you in the name of the law," said the young man.

He felt for his glasses under the pillow and propped himself up a bit. Now that he had his glasses on, his eyes had the expression which the porter and the elder official know from old photographs and colour-prints.

The elder official stood more stiffly to attention; the young one, who had grown up under new heroes, went a step closer to the bed; all three saw that he was about to say or do something brutal to hide his awkwardness.

"Put that gun away," said the man in the bed. "What do you want with me, anyhow?"

"You hear you are arrested," said the boy. "Put your clothes on and don't make a fuss."

"Have you got a warrant?"

The elder official pulled a paper out of his pocket, passed it over and stood again to attention.

He read it attentively. "Well, good," he said. "One never is any the wiser from those things; the devil take you."

"Put your clothes on and hurry up," said the boy. One saw that his brutality was no longer put on, but was natural to him. A fine generation we have produced, the arrested man thought. He recalled the propaganda posters on which youth was always represented with a laughing face. He felt very tired.

"Pass me my dressing-gown, instead of fumbling about with your revolver," he said to the boy.

The boy reddened, but remained silent. The elder official passed the dressing-gown.

He worked his arm into the sleeve. "This time it goes at least," he said with a strained smile. The three others did not understand and said nothing. They watched him as he got slowly out of bed and collected his crumpled clothes together.

The house was silent after the one shrill woman's cry, but they had the feeling that all the inhabitants were awake in their beds, holding their breath.

The cell door slammed behind him.

He remained leaning against the door for a few seconds, and lit a cigarette.

On the bed to his right lay two fairly clean blankets, and the straw mattress looked newly filled. The wash-basin to his left had no plug, but the tap functioned. The can next to it had been freshly disinfected, it did not smell. The walls on both sides were of solid brick. The window started at eye-level; one could see down into the courtyard without having to pull oneself up by the bars. So far, everything was in order.

HE YAWNED, took his coat off, rolled it up and put it on the mattress as a pillow. He looked out into the yard.

The snow shimmered yellow in the double light of the moon and the electric lanterns. All round the yard, along the walls, a narrow track had been cleared for the daily exercise. Dawn had not yet appeared; the stars still shone clear and frostily, in spite of the lanterns.

On the rampart of the outside wall, which lay opposite his cell, a soldier with slanted rifle was marching the hundred steps up and down; he stamped at every step as if on parade. From time to time the yellow light of the lanterns flashed on his bayonet.

He took his shoes off, still standing at the window. He put out his cigarette, laid the stump on the floor at the end of his bedstead, and remained sitting on the mattress for a few minutes. He went back to the window once more. The courtyard was still; the sentry was just turning; above the machine-gun tower he saw a streak of the Milky Way.

He stretched himself on the bunk and wrapped himself in the top blanket. It was five o'clock and it was unlikely that one had to get up here before seven in winter. He was very sleepy and, thinking it over, decided that he would hardly be brought up for examination for another three or four days.

He took off his pince-nez, laid it on the stone-paved floor next the cigarette-stump, smiled and shut his eyes. He was warmly wrapped up in the blanket and felt protected; for the first time in months he was not afraid of his dreams.

From "Darkness at Noon" (Jonathan Cape).

FORGOTTEN MAN GAVE US BANK HOLIDAYS

We all feel like a holiday this year—but few of us have heard of "Saint Lubbock," who introduced the four yearly Bank Holidays

by HANNEN SWAFFER

Fairgrounds open this week-end—but now a twopenny ride can cost up to 2s.

WHEN, THIS WEEK, the Easter holidays begin and millions of workers are freed from toil, in many cases from Thursday night, the eve of Good Friday, until Tuesday morning, I doubt if more than a few score will remember the man to whom they owe Bank Holiday.

Why, only a fraction of them have ever heard his name. Yet, called "Saint Lubbock," he was once the most popular man in the country.

It was only because of its name that the Bank Holidays Bill, which he piloted through Parliament, met with no opposition.

"If we had called our name the General Holiday Bill or the National Holiday Bill," he said, years after, "it would have been opposed. But the modest name of 'Bank Holiday' attracted no attention and aroused no opposition.

"Many members thought the Bill was intended for banks only."

Working 100-hour Week

This beneficent work, mind you, was only part of Sir John Lubbock's long striving for shorter hours. In 1873, when he unsuccessfully introduced a Ten Hours Bill, young people often worked for 90 or 100 hours a week.

It was not until Sir John had reached his 70th year, in 1904, when he had become Lord Avebury, that the principal Early Closing Bill, introduced by him in the House of Lords, was finally passed after delays and disappointments only overcome by his personal influence with the Government.

He and H. M. Stanley, the great explorer, were the first two celebrities I remember interviewing. When I called on Avebury in St. James's Square, there were, in his drawing-room, glass boxes containing some of the ants and bees he studied so closely at work.

It is largely because of his pioneer work that millions now enjoy holidays with pay and conditions of employment that are a Paradise compared with those when, a rich banker, he first espoused the workers' cause.

Now some change in his plan is needed. This year, Bank Holidays fall on April 2, May 21, August 6, and December 26, which leaves a long gap between the Bank Holiday in August and Boxing Day. Northampton workers are going to ballot on whether they wish to have their Whit Monday in September and their August Bank Holiday in July.

Anyway, Britain is preparing for its biggest summer holiday season since 1939. Millions freed from the urgent necessity to make arms against time will be eager to get away for a change. Yet, even last year, railways were woefully overcrowded, and this year I doubt if any extra trains can be provided for the much larger crowds because of the shortage of rolling-stock.

Summer holidays are needed for 30,000,000 people. But how can they get them?

Staggering is Essential

In all probability, although no Government plan has been announced, it is expected that the "Holidays at Home" and "Do not Travel" campaigns will be dropped.

This will cause a rush even worse than that in 1944. Then, the holiday season was a long continual tale of railway stations, packed trains, hours of standing in corridors, endless queues for meals, and profiteering prices for holiday accommodation.

Although more seaside resorts are open than was the case last year, when the coast all the way from the Wash to Cornwall was cut off, there is not so much more room in hotels, boarding houses and apartments as you would think.

Only a third of the licensed hotels in many holiday resorts, a sixth of the unlicensed hotels, and a tenth of the boarding houses are open. The Government is still using hundreds of licensed premises for offices and military headquarters.

Millions Remain at Home

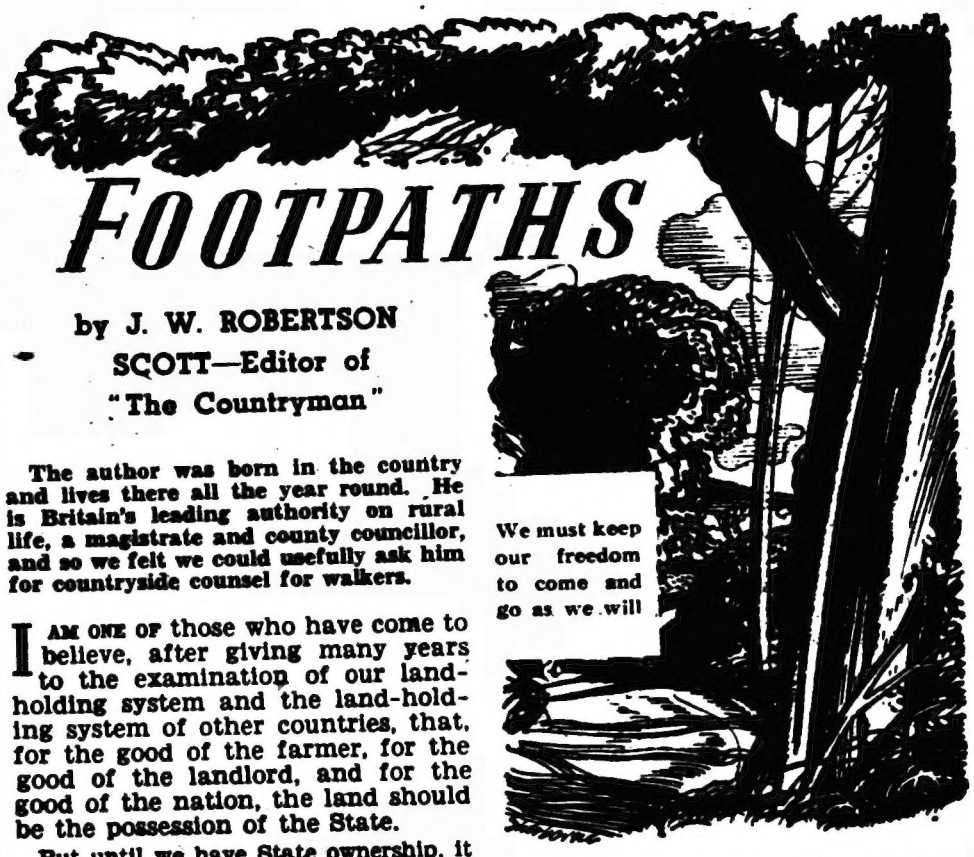
Even were these made immediately available, few could be made ready for the summer. They want not only new furniture, but staffs. Their owners are better off as they are.

Yes, despite their longing for a much-needed rest after five years of strain and toil, millions will have to remain at home. There, fairgrounds will be open again this week-end. Such will be the crowds that no doubt the swing-boats and roundabouts, for which only 2d. or 3d. was charged before the war, will again be swarmed by people willing to pay as much as 2s.

One reason is that there are so few things to buy.

So it was that last year, at Blackpool, as much as 2s. was charged for ices and 3s. for strawberries and cream, the "cream" being some weird concoction and the strawberries only two or three.

Never will so much ice cream have been sold as during this next summer. You will scarcely credit it, but I assure you it is true, that during the pantomime season at the London Coliseum, which holds 2,250 people, no fewer than 2,000 6d. packets of ices were sold for weeks at every crowded performance. Seldom have I seen such long queues as those which, in the interval, waited for a 6d. ice.



FOOTPATHS

by J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT—Editor of "The Countryman"

The author was born in the country and lives there all the year round. He is Britain's leading authority on rural life, a magistrate and county councillor, and so we felt we could usefully ask him for countryside counsel for walkers.

We must keep our freedom to come and go as we will

I AM ONE OF those who have come to believe, after giving many years to the examination of our land-holding system and the land-holding system of other countries, that, for the good of the farmer, for the good of the landlord, and for the good of the nation, the land should be the possession of the State.

But until we have State ownership, it is only those concerned with the working of the land, not the man or woman who has no land, who need loudly complain.

For, as I say, there is no country in the world where freedom to go and come almost at one's will in the country in which one was born is so wide. There is hardly a field which has not, or has not had, its footpath. And what can one not see from our roads and lanes?

Of course, one should not leave roads and lanes for the fields until one knows field manners. Alas, the patience of many farmers is tried by people who do not know field manners.

"Shut the Gate"

The first thing, of course, is: Shut the Gate after You. The loss which farmers suffer through people leaving farm gates open is considerable. I said "Shut the gate after you" because I assume that you will not climb over the gate unless it is absolutely necessary, for if a gate is not in the best order—and that is the condition of many gates—you can easily damage it.

And then, of course, if you take a dog with you, it must be under control. The dog, especially the townsman's or townswoman's dog, does not understand why it should not chase sheep.

Then, if the path takes you alongside a wood or spinney or plantation, and the owner happens to be a game preserver—I am myself against game preserving, but that is not the point—it is not fair for your dog to disturb the birds.

In the third place, it is good manners and just that you should stay on the path. The farmer is paying rent for every square yard of his holding, and you may be doing him a bad turn by walking on his cultivated land.

Grass is Important

The cultivated crop may be grass. Very few townspeople realise that grass is a crop. Get down on your knees and look at young grass, and you will see what harm anyone walking over it can do, particularly when it is growing for hay.

This is a serious matter, for every year a large area of fields set apart for hay is damaged by people who think they are doing no harm by going into the fields and sitting or lying down and picnicking on the young grass.

Similarly, I need not say that serious damage can be done by anyone foolish enough to go into young corn. Of course, there is a stage, when the corn is an inch or two through the ground, when, if the ground is not wet, no harm is done by treading it. The farmer may, indeed, roll it, for only the leaves are above ground; the corn itself has still to appear, and it will probably stand a great deal better if it has been "firmed" at the roots by rolling.

I remember once, on a beautiful Spring day, going to visit a farmer friend with an acquaintance from town who had just won his M.A. from London University, and we took a short cut across a field of young corn. At least, we took it after, with some difficulty, I had overcome his reluctance. He was a conscientious man and he thought we were damaging the crop. We were really doing the farmer a good turn.

Well, I shall assume that you have no intention of treading on young corn or young grass, and that you are content with your rights on footpaths. But do you know what they are?

Footpath Laws

If you seriously want to know, and are a true countryman or countrywoman, or would like to be one, send elevenpence to the Ramblers' Association (Beach House, Abergele, North Wales), for "Right of Way, Footpath Law for Everyman" and eightpence to the Commons, Open Spaces, and Footpaths Preservation Society (71, Eccleston Square, Belgrave Road, Westminster, S.W.1), and you will have always at hand the exceedingly interesting but somewhat complicated law on the subject. It is no use me trying to put it into a few sentences.

But this I can and ought to set down here, for the simple fact cannot be too widely published, that the district council (be it urban or rural) has not only the power but the *statutory duty* to protect all useful public rights of way.

There are things that it is a pleasure to think of throughout one's life and especially towards the end of one's life. Can there be a happier thought than that *you once saved a footpath to the public for ever?* But read your pamphlets carefully first, and if you are in any doubt make sure by writing to the most excellent C.O.S.F.P. Society.

You have a good chance of this distinction and happiness because during the war, through one cause or another, quite a number of footpaths are in need of friends.

Free Speech

TEN-TONNER BOOMERANGS

Are any reforms certain? Living on the ration. Home knitter supplies Army issue. Bravery without excitement. When sailors do care. Social class in America and here. When stage stars tour

THE BACKROOM BOYS first came into the limelight with their beautiful 4,000-lb. bomb. In a couple of years their baby had grown to 8,000 lb. The promising toddler of 12,000 lb. in 1944 is today a hulking youth of 22,000 lb., and still growing.

While congratulating ourselves that he was born under the Union Jack, let us remember that other countries will be only too anxious to offer naturalisation papers to such a promising fellow. We would be unlikely to welcome the return of such a prodigal son.

History tends to repeat itself. In the last war more than a hundred million German fuses made by Krupps were used by the Allies. No doubt we got some of our own products back from them. Unless we see that the international trade in armaments really stops this time, we might come to take a poor view of "Ten-ton Tess."—J. K. B., Peebles.

Can Anyone Tell Him?

MY BROTHER IN THE Far East has just written and asked a question which I cannot answer. He says he has read a lot of wonderful things about the post-war world—but now the people who can turn the ideas into actions seem to be hedging.

Can I tell him of any really startling improvement, say, in town planning, house-building, transport, food production—anything, in fact, which is not just an idea but is certain to be carried out? For the life of me I can't name anything definite.— J. HART, 126, Pitfold Road, Lee, S.E.12.

Restaurant Meals

I HEARD WITH AMAZEMENT that Dame Sybil Thorndike considers we should have our rations cut to help to feed Europe. If anyone imagines we are getting too much to eat in Britain, then I suggest the more expensive restaurants be closed and their customers be compelled to get along on their rations.

Of course, if you can eat in a restaurant six or seven times a week, the rations are adequate. But for people who cannot afford to do so they are nothing like enough. I'm told that out of the 2,000 customers who shop where I am registered only one thinks the present rations sufficient.—V. M. JACKSON, 3, Strood Avenue, Rush Green, Romford, Essex.

Musical Maladies

HEAVEN FORBID THAT doctors follow your reader's suggestion (JOHN BULL, 10.3.45) and have wireless sets in their waiting-rooms. The B.B.C. makes me suffer enough when I'm well. And what about the poor doctor in the next room trying to concentrate on some finnicky patient to the strains of "Is you is or is you ain't my Baby"?—A. PIDGEON, Sunny Corner, Shakespeare Cliff, Dover.

Issue, Not Extra

JUST BEFORE BEING discharged from the Services last year, I was issued with a pair of socks in exchange for some that were past mending. Inside the new pair was the name and address of the lady who had knitted them.

I wrote to her. She was very annoyed to find that the pair of socks which she had made in 1939 had been given as an issue, not as an extra, in 1944.—J. MACALISTER, 73, York Street, Bingley, Yorks.

Sweets to the Sweet

IF I RIGHTLY UNDERSTAND the new rule which allows bakers to put icing on cakes, it means that they are not allotted any larger *total* quantity of sugar, but they can use what they have as they like.

I'm wondering if this means that if several starry-eyed brides order elaborate wedding-cakes from the same baker in one week, the cakes which he sells to other customers will be sadly lacking in sweetness.—"MARRIED ALREADY," Guildford, Surrey.

What Makes a Man Brave?

I WAS INTERESTED in your article on Lord Moran's book, *The Anatomy of Courage*, which analyses the quality of bravery (JOHN BULL, 24.3.45). To my mind, the man who, in the heat and excitement of a battle dashes in and captures an enemy position has only a superficial appearance of courage. True courage is shown by the man who, knowing that chances are against him, nevertheless carries on coldly and deliberately with a dangerous job. His courage comes from will-power and self-control—not hot-headed excitement.

For a similar reason we can never praise too highly the courage of civilians under bombing. The soldier at war has action, and weapons with which he can hit back. The civilian is defenceless and simply has to sit still and "take it."—L. T. R., Old Town, Clapham, S.W.4.

THE TEST OF COURAGE is to be able to carry on alone. It's not so difficult for a soldier to be brave when he has his pals fighting beside him. But to carry through a dangerous job with no human being near takes some doing.

I would give a medal to all those men in the National Fire Service who, with enemy planes overhead during the blitz, stood all alone on the top of a 100-ft. ladder directing the hose down into a blazing building. One bomb, even some distance away, might have upset the ladder, and the man hadn't a hope of anything but an appalling death.—"EX-SERGEANT," Liverpool.

Model Employer

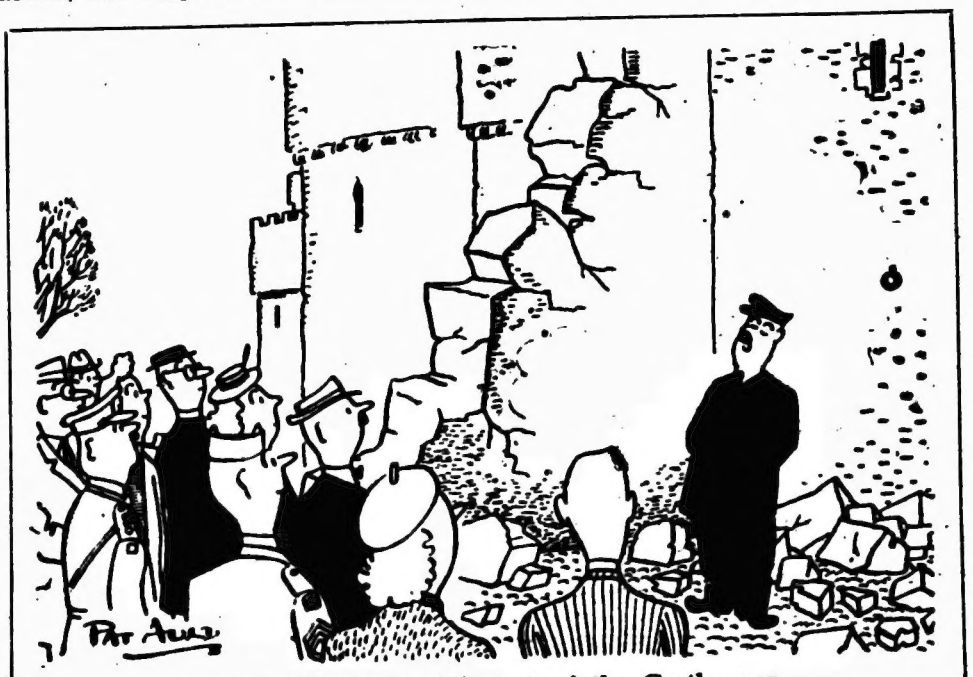
EMPLOYERS ARE SO OFTEN criticised that I should like to say something about mine. I work at an electrical porcelain firm, and our works manager is second to none for fair dealing. We are supplied with soap, towels and splendid overalls entirely free. We have radio, and a fine canteen where tea costs a penny a cup.

Our boss presents a Savings Certificate each week to be drawn for by members of the savings group. He won the M.C. in the last war; his son has won the M.C. in this. If all employers were like him, what a happy land it would be for workers.—Mrs. MARY TYLER, 16, Ellgreave Street, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.

Helpful Advertisements

I HOPE THAT THE war-time habit among advertisers of giving us useful hints and information in their announcements will continue after the war. Nowadays, clothes manufacturers tell us how to dress well and cosmetic makers give us beauty hints. Footwear firms tell us how to take care of boots and shoes, and manufacturers of oven ware give us recipes for good things to cook in their casseroles.

I'm sure advertisements of this sort build up far more good will towards a product than the old "Bloggs Is Best" type of slogan.—MISS ELSIE HARRISON, Handsworth, Birmingham.



"The damage to this part o' the Castle was caused by Crusaders—beg pardon, Shermans"

Jack Ashore

THE SAILOR IS supposed to have a wife in every port, but it is my belief that Jack is more truly home-loving than most. Others take their homes for granted. With the sailor, it's a real case of absence making the heart grow fonder.

He may sometimes go on the spree when he touches port after weeks at sea (and who will blame him?), but his home is the anchorage for his heart.—Mrs. M. R., Rochester, Kent.

Unfit Miner—Fit for Army

HERE'S ANOTHER ANGLE on that old heart-burning subject—the mines *versus* the Services. My boy volunteered for the Navy more than a year ago, was passed A.1, and was then told that there were no vacancies. He volunteered for the mines and was accepted, but after a short time was discharged by the mining Medical Officer as unfit.

He was told to report to the local exchange which promised him further instructions. These instructions were to report to Carlisle. And my son is now in the Army, without a new medical examination, and is graded A.1.

If he wasn't fit enough for the mines, how on earth can he be A.1 for the Army?—B. ATKINSON, 34, Pember Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17.

Class in America

I WAS SURPRISED TO READ in "What the Americans Think About Us" (JOHN BULL, 24.3.45), that an Englishman who migrated to the United States says that there is no class distinction in that country. I should say there certainly is—but the word means something different there.

In Britain a man's class depends largely on his birth, education, accent, manners, and so on. In America it depends on money. Over there, no matter what your birth, if you have the money you have the class.—N. GREENE, Kings Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.

When Provinces Benefit

WE WHO LIVE IN THE smaller towns and like the theatre have benefited from war conditions. Instead of poor plays with second- and third-rate casts, we now get first-class actors and actresses in the best plays. And, of course, they fill the theatres.

Let us hope that when peace comes the theatrical stars will not revert to their snobbish feeling that only the West End of London is good enough for them. They can gain country-wide popularity by touring in good plays. Moreover, now that more and more stage actors and actresses are appearing in films, they can greatly enhance their "star value" in the cinemas by appearing personally in stage plays at provincial theatres.—MISS V. MILLS, Bath, Somerset.

Outsize?—Outside!

WHEN I CALLED to order a suit at the branch of a noted firm of tailors, I had a shock. The manager measured my chest, said I was over 36 in. and he was sorry he could not take my order.—W. H. MASON, 2, Mark Avenue, Wednesbury, Staffs.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Celebration Blues

HI, WHAT IS ALL THIS? On the day peace breaks out I want to let off years of accumulated steam. So do you —and you. But the kill-joys are out in force. Blankets are being wetted all over the world.

In Victoria, Australia, all bars will be closed for twenty-four hours. New York has the slogan, "Don't Make V-Day Spree Day." Over here, instructions about behaviour have been issued. The Services may impose a travel ban and a curfew.

OWING TO MY amazing skill at seeing into the future by studying the collection of brown specks and twigs in the bottom of my tea-cup, I am able to describe how Bill Smith celebrated.

When the news reached Whitehall, a Civil Servant at the Ministry of Obstruction took out of a file a folder labelled "Peace—Official Day of Gloom," and Plan 23X4BZ went into action. But even the best-guarded secrets are apt to leak out, and, by a sort of whispering campaign, the news got to Bill Smith about midday.

He threw his hat in the air and began to hum a few bars of "I'm Going to Get Lit When the Lights Go up." A policeman asked him for his identity card and warned him about causing alarm and despondency.

BILL SMITH went round to the local. It was shut, and with a triumphant laugh the spirit of Lady Astor whisked off round the corner. Bill walked to the next pub and found a notice on the window saying "Open," and another on the door saying "No Beer." At the third pub he ordered a pint of mild. "Only halves," said the barmaid. "New Order from the Ministry for Protecting People Against Themselves."

Bill Smith left and tried to buy some cigarettes. All the shops were shut and had notices on the doors. The first said, "Peace doesn't mean plenty—stop smoking." The second carried a large poster of the squander-bug. The third notice was hand-written and said, "Called up—back in ten years."

THEN HE SAW a long queue of people which he thought must mean a café, but he found they were waiting to buy Black Market Union Jacks. He walked miles, but all the cafés and restaurants were shut, and some of them had Ministry of Food notices on the doors saying, "Make This An Eatless Day."

No 'buses were running, the cinemas were all shut, so Bill Smith set out to walk to the centre of the town to visit the official Government Celebration Centre. The first thing he saw was a notice saying, "Queue here to celebrate Victory." After waiting an hour he reached a desk where he showed his identity card and filled in a form.

HE PASSED ON into a large Nissen hut, where he was offered a choice between a cup of railway tea and a glass of S.D.I. lemonade. He saw an exhibition of photographs of bomb damage repairs, prefabricated houses, and posters beginning "Don't." A bright young woman gave him a red, white and blue ribbon, a small wooden model of a bomb, a booklet called "What Not To Do Now You've Won." He went back to work.

A few days afterwards the Government blamed the lack of food, drink, 'buses and amusements on the fact that the workers were all out celebrating.

CATCHING UP in your GARDEN

It's not too late to make up for lost time if you start NOW—

HAPPY IS THE MAN who can start his Easter gardening by lending his spade to his next-door neighbour and saying: "Well, I don't mind if I don't get it back until Christmas."

That is the ideal. According to the books—and the books are right about most things—the hard work should all be done by now.

The spade work should be over, the trenches should be filled in, the soil should have been broken down, the drills drawn, the seeds sown. And we should be spending the next few days at that happiest of gardening pastimes—strolling gently round the garden, looking eagerly for the first glint of new growth on the finely worked soil.

Unfortunately, for most of us it hasn't worked out like that at all. One way and another it has been a tricky winter. Why, I know one keen man who took a week of his "summer" holiday in late January—"just to get the garden well dug."

And when the time arrived there was a record frost. Nothing short of a V-bomb could have dented his soil. So, sadly, he pottered around and went back to work, and he will spend this week-end trying to make up for lost time.

Now how can you make up for lost time? That is the question so many of us are asking to-day.

Feed the Soil

Well, here are some wrinkles. Every gardener has his own pet theories—which is why gardening is the most stimulating hobby in the world. These are some of mine:

In the first place, gardening for foodstuffs can be summed up in one simple slogan—if you don't put it in, you can't get it out. This is another way of saying that if you don't put food into the soil, you can't expect food to grow up in it.

We all know that, of course, but how many of us really practise it? There are people who *won't* keep a compost heap—they say you do just as much good if you burn the stuff and scatter the ashes.

This is nonsense. The ashes produce potash; the compost produces humus, the vital organic matter without which no plant life can go on.

Potash is fine. But on its own it is just like a whisky-and-soda. You can't live on it.

Many more people, unfortunately, will insist on arguing that liming the ground is enough, and that manures and fertilisers are unnecessary.

Hopelessly wrong! Lime sweetens the earth; it stimulates microbe life in the soil; it does enormous good—but it doesn't produce humus.

So, if we are making a late start this week-end, and we have to work quickly, the first thing to do is to get the ground dug and put some heart into it.

Right. First suggestion: you can't

We can't all have such glory in our Spring garden. But we can ensure now a fine summer show

double-dig a whole garden in two days—not if you want to live. But why not make up your mind where the rows of plants will be—and then dig out trenches, as wide as the spade, and about a spit and a half deep?

This is a makeshift. It isn't as good as double-digging the whole garden. *But it's practical*—and it's very much better than just lightly pricking it all over with a fork.

Having opened the trenches, the next thing is to fill them. If you have a compost heap, use it. If you haven't, give yourself a good talking to and start one for next year right away.

If you know a horse, speak to its owner. Anything short of larceny is justified when a good gardener wants manure.

Expert on Composts

But the chances are you will have to depend on compost. Horses are rare creatures, unhappily. Now, if you want to make really scientific compost I can recommend a clever new gardening book—*Gardener's Earth*, by Stanley B. Whitehead—which tells us more than we thought possible about soils and manures.

Mr. Whitehead's composts are almost things of beauty; ours are just muck heaps—but they help the soil. So fill the bottom of the trench with compost, with lawn-cuttings, with manure if you can get it. And trample it down.

Remember, anything animal or light vegetable will help to make humus. Broken bottles are hopeless.

Before covering the trench over, sprinkle bonemeal on the mess you have strewn along it. Then put the soil back, preferably an inch or two lower than the earth around it.

Mark the trenches at each end, and next year, if you are in an equal hurry, you can dig up new trenches between the old ones. In this way you'll keep the soil moving.

Lime? It should have been put on months ago, when the ground was first broken up. If you missed the bus, then my advice is to get the seeds in now—and lime later in the summer.

Hydrated lime, the stuff they usually sell you in the shops, can safely be applied any time.

The next thing is: What to sow?

Well, the Ministry of Agriculture issue free pamphlets on how to crop gardens, small allotments, and large allotments. If you follow them, you'll be wise.

Don't forget: your soil may not like a particular vegetable. Cauliflowers won't grow in my garden, for instance. If you're new, you can find these things out by talking to local gardeners. All gardeners talk. The trouble is to stop us.

One Man's Choice

So find out what grows well, and consider your own whims.

For what it is worth, here is my own sowing list:

First Sowing.—Three rows Ailsa Craig onions, which went in three weeks ago. (Not too late now.) All the rows are about 45 ft. long.

Two catch-crop rows of radishes—far too many, but trenches have been taken out for runner beans, and we may as well use the ground while waiting for the beans to go in.

Two rows of short-horn carrots. Sow them very, very thinly. The less thinning you do when they're seedlings the less trouble you'll have with carrot-fly.

Two rows quick-maturing summer spinach. (A catch crop, growing on trenches heavily manured for sweet corn, to be sown later.)

One row silver-skinned pickling onions—to be picked young

Two rows of cabbages—one Flower of Spring, a big fellow who grows fast, and Savoys, which have so little waste.

Two rows lettuce—Golden Ball, the finest lettuce I ever tasted.

One row of Himalayan Black Potatoes. A luxury, but an amusing novelty. They grow purple-coloured tubers, which you smother with mayonnaise and eat for salad.

Two rows Market Gem early peas.

Seed Trays Under Cloches

Then, in seed trays under cloches, I have made sowings of lettuce to plant out later, cabbages to follow on, and tomatoes separately potted.

If you can raise your own tomatoes from seed under cloches, you are saving yourself a lot of money.

That is the first sowing. When the catch crops have been scrubbed up and the time is ripe I'll be putting down two rows of sweet corn.

There will also be a long wigwam of runner beans—variety Prizewinner, long and luscious fellows as straight as a ruler if you trench deeply for them.

And why are climbing French beans out of favour? We all grow dwarf French beans, which snap in a high wind and need staking, and which crop indifferently. This year, profiting from last, I am putting up a 30-ft. run for French beans, 6 ft. high.

They taste much better than scarlet runners.

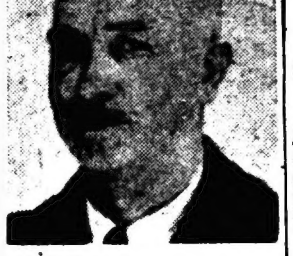
Two more things, and that finishes the Easter homily: keep the hoe going, and don't forget to rotate the quick-growing crops.

CONNERY CHAPPELL.

First Win—a First!

SOME folks say they're too busy to try for a *Bullets* prize. Well, reader W. H. Miller, Old Crookston Farm, Nitshill, Glasgow, is busy in the fields all day. But he still found odd moments to dig into *Bullets*—and isn't he glad he did?

His harvest came in Contest 1,466—the first prize he had ever won—First Prize of £100 and Radio for his *Bullet*: Now They Know—They Are "Losing Side." And *your* harvest this week can be just as golden!



CHEQUES and RADIOS for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£100 PLUS £25 RADIO 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20 plus RADIO, £10 plus RADIO
10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1
100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £100 plus Radio First Prize.

ON VICTORY DAY
BRITAIN'S GOODS
ONE GOOD HEAVE AND
MANIAC HITLER
WITH THE DAWN
NOW'S THE TIME TO
MEN WE WANT
ACCORDING TO PLAN
BIG BUSINESS
SUICIDE
STILL WAITING
CROWNED WITH SUCCESS
IN LOVE
LIVING DANGEROUSLY
IN MOTHER'S EYES
FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS
NEIGHBOUR'S HEN
SWALLOWED THE BAIT
MY HUSBAND
WENT UP IN SMOKE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

HER IDEAL.....
OVER THE .....
..... SYSTEM
VICTIM OF .....
PAID IN .....
GAVE ..... A TURN

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated April 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" "No. 1,472, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." (If PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

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CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, APRIL 9.

For APRIL 21 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

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W. H. PICKARD, 163, UPPERTON ROAD, LEICESTER.

WHAT HITLER HOPES
"UNDERGROUND" PROVIDES
"RETURN TICKET."

£20: Miss G. Miller, 8A, Rutland Park Gardens, N.W.2.
On The Housing Front—Need's Growing—Also Weeds.

£10: A. Laycock, 88, Casterton Avenue, Burnley.
Moulding The Future—"Pouring Metal" Into Germany.

10 Prizes of £5:
D. Bennett, 40, Relugas Rd., Edinburgh.
Without Exaggeration — Winston "Explains Our Success."
R. N. Emmerson, 126, Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6.
Auntie Screamed And—Dracula's Blood Ran Cold!
Mrs. M. Johnson, 19, Mile Lane, Coventry.
Hitler Deserves—After Last Shot, First!
Pte. A. Leigh, c/o 9, Strathaird Avenue, Walney.
On The Housing Front—Is Start in Sight?
J. Myles, 25, Langton Road, Falkirk.
On The Housing Front — Sparrows Fighting—Building, Too!
A. E. Newton, 123, Tile Kiln Lane, Bexley.
He's Our M.P., But—Whip Cracked—Conscience "Bolted."
H. E. Pickard, 8, Gordon St., Keighley.
Torn To Shreds—Grandpa's Story—Then Will!
G. Punter, 26, Haynt Walk, Merton, S.W.20.
Round The Refusal—Wise Shopkeeper "Wrapped" Politeness.
Mrs. G. Thomas, 30, Cumberland Avenue, Liverpool.
Round The Olive-branch—Nazi Wiring Booby-trap.
Mrs. S. Thompson, Chez Nous, Harrow Road, Wembley.
On The Housing Front—Aren't Stumbling-blocks "Prefabricated" Too?

First Prize-winner receives £25 Bonus as offered. A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 New Prizes have been posted.

£50 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 420.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Rule. 2. Booked or Boomed. 3. Pass. 4. Lane. 5. Boat. 6. Idle. 7. Neat. 8. Teams or Terms. 9. Swigs or Swims. 10. Mike. 11. Boys. 12. Men. 13. Aches. 14. Bites.
OUTRIGHT WINNER: M. McDermott, 58, Falconwood Avenue, Welling, Kent. 16 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

NEW £100 OFFER ON THIS PAGE

write to JOHN BULL about it

A NEW LIFE—OR A PENSIONED BUT?

Selfish husband and Family Allowances. Teaching Forces to write letters. Does a will overrule personal promises? Slanders on the B.L.A. Recovering rent overpayments

"I AM ONE OF TWO clerks in a large commercial office. I am thirty-five, my friend is just over forty. We are both doing monotonous routine work, and, at the age of sixty, we shall be entitled to a pension of between £4 and £5 a week.

"Now then, I want to escape from this work and start in a business of my own. I should have to work harder than at present, and might never be a big success. But I should be free to live a fuller life and be my own master.

"My friend is pessimistic about the chances. He thinks the call of adventure is mainly an illusion. It would be wiser to stay in a safe job and decline to be led away by possibilities of freedom and independence—and no pension. What do you think?"

There cannot be any cut-and-dried answer to such a question. It depends upon your character and temperament. If you are restive and want to launch out, the sooner you do it the better. If you are single the problem is simple—no one is involved besides yourself.

Your first act in making the decision, however, is to get a clear-cut idea of what you hope to achieve by breaking away and what are your chances of success. You do not say what business you have in mind—but this is a case where woolly thinking and half-formed ambitions about "independence" and "being your own master" are little use.

Write down your qualifications for making a success of the new business. Get into contact with someone with practical experience in that line and find out *facts* on such things as how much capital you are likely to need, whether there is plenty of scope in your district or whether the need is already largely catered for, whether you will have to support yourself for some time before making a profit, what are the overhead running costs, and so on. When you have assembled all the facts I think you will find that the decision will make itself.

"MY HUSBAND AND I have had an argument regarding the 5s. to be paid for the second child under Family Allowances. At present he gives me 50s. a week for housekeeping expenses. If I get the extra 5s. from the Government for our second child, he says he will only give me 45s. Can he do this?"

If your husband does this—as he can—it means that the Family Allowances scheme will fail in its primary purpose. Neither you nor your child will be any better off, but your husband will have extra money for spending on himself. It is almost as bad as robbing a child's money box. But you cannot cure selfishness by Act of Parliament.

On the other hand, since this extra allowance is to be taxed as income, the father who hands the total amount to his wife will be worse off than he would be without the allowance.

"I HAVE BEEN READING about classes for illiterates in the Forces. Many of them never write letters home because they have forgotten how! It must be

hard on their wives and parents. Can you explain how anybody can be illiterate nowadays? And, while you are about it, can you say why more men than women are illiterate?"

We have had compulsory education in this country since 1870. Everyone, unless he is sub-normal, must have learned to read and write. But every ability gets rusty if it is not used.

Army classes have proved that men can pick up ease in writing again in a month. They are suspicious at the beginning but mighty pleased with themselves afterwards.

Women read far more fiction than men do, and this keeps them in touch with the written word. I don't think it is a question of cleverness. Tests have proved that the intelligence of men and women is just about equal.

"MY MOTHER PASSED AWAY recently, leaving the home, with all its contents, to me. One of these items is a beautiful and valuable oil-painting. My brother informs me that many years ago my mother promised the picture to him and his wife.

"If my mother's desire was for them to have the picture, wouldn't she have stated it in her will?"

Your brother and his wife have no legal claim to the painting since your mother left everything to you. You can keep the picture by sticking to the exact letter of the will.

It may be, however, that your mother intended them to have the picture, and forgot to mention it. If they can produce witnesses who heard your mother promise them the picture, or perhaps a letter to prove that this was her wish, you should hand the picture over.

"I AM IN the British Liberation Army, and am worried about what people at home are saying and thinking about us. A pal of mine had leave in January, and, while he was at home, friends kept showing clearly that they thought he was having a good time on the Continent. They also talked about the big gratuity we were going to get when we came back. We are *not* having a good time out here, and as for the pile of money we shall get. . . . Well, I'd better stop before I say something I shouldn't."

Your pal's friends must be very ill-informed. I can assure you that talk of that sort does not represent the thoughts of most people. Anyone with a grain of sense realises that modern war is a horrible business, and that you live under appalling conditions such as no civilian can really imagine.

As to the large gratuity—the article by Emanuel Shinwell, M.P., in JOHN BULL (24.2.45) showed that this, in actual practice, comes down to about £25.

X-WORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Liking for this makes many a man pugnacious—B□TTLE. 2. Very disappointing if this turns out unsuitable for picnics—□AY. 3. There are winds that are apt to do this—CH□P. 4. May still be cause of trouble to statesmen—□REED. 5. Can give terrible shock to parents L□SS. 6. Application of science to farming will bring developments in—□RAIN. 7. Long one may prove a man's undoing—LA□E. 8. One is often to be seen in dock—□RIG. 9. Pitcher is this in some cases—CR□CK. 10. It's a more awkward job to remove these when wet—□OOTS. 11. High-spirited lad lightly taking to theft may soon do this—TI□E. 12. Is responsible for many a stormy passage—G□LF. 13. It's usually best to burn this—□RASH. 14. Capital is sometimes this when country is menaced by enemy—LE□T.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated April 21 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, April 9.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 424, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 420 is given below "Bullets" Result in col. 2.

Rights of the Tenant

S. W., Birmingham: You cannot be compelled to quit unless your landlord obtains a Court Order for possession. If he applies for this, the Court will decide whether yours or his is the greater hardship and will grant or refuse the Order accordingly.

Your landlord is obliged to inform you of the standard rent of the house on application, and this should be stated in your rent book. Any overpayments you may have made may be recovered over a period of two years either by living rent free until they are liquidated or by a direct claim.

A. L., Cambridge: No claim can be made by the Assistance Board for repayment of any portion of the supplementary pension which your aunt is receiving. It will, therefore, not be necessary for her furniture and household effects to be sold when she dies. She can leave them to you.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Always On The Look-Out

for HARLENE preparations to keep her Hair looking lovely

HARLENE
Hair Grower & Tonic
Camomile Golden Hair Wash
Camomile Shampoo Powders
Hair Cream
Wave Setting Lotion
Golden Wave Set
CREMEX Shampoo Powders
UZON Brilliantine
ASTOL Hair Colour Restorer

HARLENE

58, Gough St., London, W.C.1.

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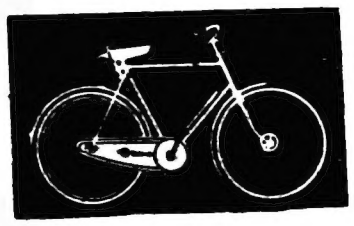
highly technical

IT TAKES DESIGNERS TO WIN THE WAR— THAT'S WHY SUNBEAM BICYCLES ARE SCARCE!

To produce the weapons that make Victory possible, a country fighting a total war needs every skilled designer, every inch of workshop space, every machine it can get. So the men whose engineering experience and craftsmanship went, in peace-time, into the Sunbeam Bicycle, are now busy on sterner tasks. That's why, until the war is won and all their skill can be turned again to making Sunbeams, the world's finest bicycle must remain in short supply. Just a few can, however, still be obtained today —and if you are lucky enough to see one at your dealers, it will be the All-Black war-time model costing £9 12s. 1d., with the little oil-bath "missing".



The Sunbeam Post-war Motor Cycle is something which thousands of enthusiasts are eagerly anticipating. It will be well worth waiting for!

HONESTLY— A BETTER BICYCLE

SUNBEAM

SUNBEAM CYCLES LTD. BIRMINGHAM 11

Millions of bottles sent overseas

NONE RETURN

Enormous quantities of bottles are required each week to carry drinks to the men on the fighting fronts *and few, if any, of these bottles can be returned to this country.* The total output of bottles is controlled by the labour and fuel available, and at this moment resources are strained to the limit. Every empty S.D.I. bottle that is standing idle in your larder is contributing to a bottle shortage which may seriously affect the home distribution of soft drinks.

Roll out your 'empties'. And please return them to your usual retailer at once. There is no time to lose.

S·D·I

PLEASE RETURN YOUR EMPTIES

The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Assn., Ltd.
OVS-29

EYE TROUBLES

DO THIS TO GET RELIEF.

You can relieve styes, help red watery eyes, check eye infections—get wonderful soothing comfort—by bathing your eyes in the new modern eye lotion—'Valopto.' It is much more than the ordinary antiseptic lotion. It contains non-irritating antiseptics, but, in addition, three soothing plant extracts. A NEW combination discovered after hundreds of tests. At all chemists 2/- (including tax).

VALOPTO

The MODERN Eye Lotion

MANY, MANY THANKS

Manchester,
December 25th, 1944.

Dear Sirs,

I feel that I must write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your Yeast-Vite tablets. I have taken them for three years, and I continued taking them when I joined the W.A.A.F. two years ago.

I was very ill shortly after joining the Forces, but there is no doubt about it that your Yeast-Vite tablets pulled me through, and now I have all the girls in my Company taking them, and each and every one of us swear by them.

We are cooks, and naturally need all the energy possible, but thanks to Yeast-Vite we are able to carry on, cooking for thousands of men, and feel very fit.

Many, many thanks from grateful W.A.A.F.'s. Yours truly,
(Sgd.) V. M.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

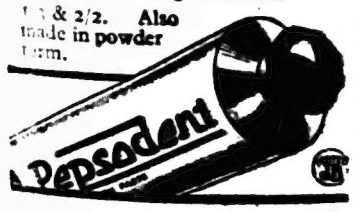
Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Do your teeth complete your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form.



See how young you can look!

Anglobasque

The Premier British Beret

At present very hard to obtain as nearly all supplies are going to the forces

---

CHADE
THE KEENEST BLADE IS CHADE
CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX
LONG EDGE (slotted—fits 3-peg razors) 2D
SLOTTED DE LUXE 2½D
THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE) 2½D
STAINLESS (3-HOLE) 3¾D

Mabel took the good advice. She got some Dettol Ointment, and what a blessed relief for Bobby. In a few days the nasty skin trouble which had worried her for weeks was almost completely healed. The pain and irritation was gone and the skin that had been so sore and erupted was now clean and healthy and free from infection.

That is how Dettol Ointment works. It soothes the pain and relieves the inflammation of septic sores, and then sinks into the unhealthy skin tissue to destroy the germs which cause or aggravate the trouble.

Dettol Ointment contains in active form the germicidal principle of the famous Dettol Antiseptic.

DETTOL BRAND **OINTMENT**

From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

CONVOY CAT

"This convoy work's an awful strain. I'm Mascot and ship's Larder Guard as well."

"What's this? Some TIBS! And Shore leave! Hooray. Now watch me get back my pep."

"We're off again. To a secret destination. And this time I'm taking my Mascot—and that's TIBS."

TIBS

Keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd. Southport

Phosferine set my nerves at rest

"I am working very hard, trying to run a home, keep a husband healthy and happy and look after my children. I have been at the schools serving the children's meals now for over 14 months, and it is rather wearing on the nerves, but I can truthfully say that the first tube of Phosferine tablets set my nerves at rest, and I have told the teachers what a wonderful tonic Phosferine is." (*Signed*) Mrs. J. M., Enfield.

It is a story which constantly repeats itself. The invigorating properties of Phosferine bring such real comfort and relief to nerve sufferers that each gratified user feels bound to pass on the good news.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

The
HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY
Largest in the World

RECORD ASSETS

EXTRACTS from the 92nd Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax, Monday, April 9th, 1945

TOTAL ASSETS	£132,812,792
SHARE & DEPOSIT FUNDS	£125,206,791
MORTGAGE ASSETS	£78,452,412
LIQUID FUNDS	
Trustee Securities	£47,711,398
Cash at Banks and in hand	£6,058,180
Reserve Funds and Undivided Profit	£6,675,468

General Manager: F. E. WARBRECK HOWELL, LL.D. Head Offices: HALIFAX

LONDON DISTRICT OFFICE—HALIFAX HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2
CITY OFFICE—62, MOORGATE, E.C.2

RIZLA News Bulletin

Cigarette Papers Still a bit scarce owing to war-time difficulties.

Cigarette Machines RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 Cigarettes. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers, ask your Wholesalers for supplies.)

CHRISTOPHER STONE says

How right we were —to choose

BUSH RADIO

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK W.4 *royds 452*

Brian is *always* lively

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

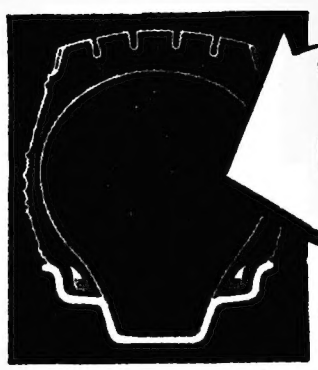
"California Syrup of Figs"

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

The demand for Silvikrin preparations is greater than the stocks available and is likely to remain so until conditions are easier. So use Silvikrin carefully —make it go as far as possible.

SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES · LONDON · N.10



WELL-BASE RIM

—universally accepted for many years as the standard design for cycle, motor-cycle and automobile wheels—

WAS ORIGINALLY DEVELOPED & SPONSORED BY

DUNLOP

5H/104

You haven't experienced the luxury of the perfect shave unless you've used a Laurel —made from Sheffield's finest steel by Sheffielders in the home of the cutting edge.

LAUREL

THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

1½d

Including Purchase Tax

Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield

CVS-21

WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW 'BEHIND' THEM

WHITEWAYS

Whiteway's Port Style Wines and British Sherry do not just 'happen' to be better—they are MADE better. Infinite care is taken in their production from the time the grapes are gathered in the "Sunny South" until the wines have reached the final stage of maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon."

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of The Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

LIMITED SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR USUAL WINE MERCHANT

Overhaul your cycle now, replace worn parts with PHILLIPS *precision Cycle Spares.*
Send 1d. STAMP for your post free copy of Booklet showing you how.

PHILLIPS
RENOWNED THE WORLD OVER
CYCLE COMPONENTS

J.A. PHILLIPS & CO LTD. CREDENDA WORKS. BIRMINGHAM

HOW GRAND to be Free so soon of

HEADACHES

Yes! it really is spendid. One minute down with a 'splitting' headache and in a very short while it has disappeared, thanks to a small quick-acting Powder. Beecham's Powders are wonderful! They are pleasant and easy to take, quickly absorbed and therefore speedy in action. They soon clear the head and work is resumed with a bright cheerful feeling. What a relief!

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½D EACH

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